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Children's Corner.

For the Child's Corner.
GEORGE AND MINNIE.

Who does not love the little lambs? Every-
thing about them suggests the idea of innocence;
and they are ever its acknowledged emblem, from
the days of the Hebrews down to ours. The form
of the little creatures, the rounded outline, the
color, the softness, the very light motions, are so
perfectly adapted to the idea of innocence, that
who can pass them unheeding? How they
climb one after another upon a knoll, till they
are almost as thick as its buttercups and daisies,
and jump about and play. No animals are as
much like happy children, as lambs, as lambs
are like children. Children call it fun, to watch them
at play. Every movement is light and graceful,
and when they are tired, away they run with a
"ba," to their mothers. Sometimes the mother
dies, and the lamb is obliged to be content with
being a pet, or a mascot, and is so gentle and
loving that it even gets into the house, as if it
were a great kitten, and makes every one love it.
George and Minnie had each such a lamb, given
them by their mother. This was a great thing for
the children, as they took all the care of feeding
them, and it seemed to make their dispositions
more kindly every day. Doing good always has
this effect on the doer, and that in itself is a
great reward, besides the approval and con-
science and the praise of friends, which is a
perfect right to any child to love, and which
friends ought to give to the deserving.
"Full measure heaped up and running over."
"Loving thus grows daily gentler and loving,
on all occasions. Minnie called hers 'Softie,'
and George named his 'Prickly.' George's lamb
was older than his sister's. At night, after hav-
ing their supper, the little woolly things would
come close together, and after one or two 'ba's'
would fall asleep. The children loved these pets
better than any toys, and they were in some dan-
ger of loving them to the neglect of their books,
for every spare minute out they would go, and
scamper and tumble about in the green grass,
and feed them with something very nice from
the garden—some young sprouts, a carrot top,
or a bit of celery, or parsley—they were al-
ways offering something to see if they'd like it.
Often they were decked with flowers, sometimes
larks purrs and yowls, and again with bright
red clover blossoms. Minnie would often sit
with her arms around Softie's neck and talk and
sing, till they were all as joyous and happy as
little birds.

I have thought that a shepherd's life must be
one of the most delightful to be imagined. The
whole flock must so love their kind shepherd, for
you know they are very quiet little creatures and
follow readily wherever he chooses to lead them.
Up the mountain, or down the valley, you will see
not only the ewes grazing, but the sheep and
lambs are quite at home there during the summer
months. I have thought that the Alpine shep-
herds must have their hearts full of great and
happy thoughts. As they are surrounded by day
they are surrounded by the most charming scenery,
and in the stillness of night what wonders they
do behold. Truly their lives should be like a
sweet and holy psalm of praise.

You have all read the lyrics of good Dr. Watts,
"While shepherds watch their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around him."
Think of those favored shepherds in Syria, un-
der the sky which is always a wonder of beauty,
but at this particular time how they lift their
heads one after another, and then, as a strange
light gleams the tips of their crooks, "what is it?"
they say, trembling. The marvelous light in-
creases, till the multitude of the fleecy sleepers,
which like soft balls thickly dotted over the
plain and hillsides are illuminated, as it were,—
the stars are outshone by the brightness. The
shepherds spring to their feet, gazing eagerly.
"Is it the Aurora Borealis?" "No, no, no!" they
fall to their faces in adoration, as they perceive
that it is a heavenly vision. "And suddenly
there was with the angel a multitude of the
heavenly host." Who can imagine the strains, when
they sang the anthem of the birth of the Savior,
and peace on earth—good will to men?
"Christ is called the 'Good Shepherd.' He
loves his sheep and lambs. He will gather them
in His arms and carry them in His bosom. He
will lead them into green pastures and beside

the still waters.
Dear little lambs do not wander off upon the
mountains. Listen to the voice of the Good
Shepherd. Love Him and He will love you.
Cousin LOTTIE.

THE OLD HOUSE CLOCK.

Oh, the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing in the house;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweeter.
Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered.
'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick, quick to bed—
For I've given warning.'
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never see soon in the morning.
A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling.
But a cold old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak hoarsely,
When the clock looked gray over the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly.
'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning.'
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up in the morning.
Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that comes never,
While tears are shed for the bright days that fled,
And the old friends lost forever.
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone,
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer.
'Tick, tick,' it said—'to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning.'
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning.

A CHILD'S HOPE.

She listened, earnest, hushed and still,
With downcast looks and eager thrill,
To what her teacher told.
Of that great day, when all shall meet,
Around the great, white judgment seat—
All living, young and old.
When Christ to some shall say, "welcome!"
While others hear the fearful doom:
"From me and hope begone."
"And say, dear child, which will you stand,
Shall it be on the Lord's right hand,
Or as a banished one?"

Uplifting, then, those soft dark eyes,
Where earnest tears of feelings rise,
On each side lay her hands,
"Oh, teacher! in that day," she cried,
"I'll hasten to the Judge's side,
And to his hand I'll cling."
"And if He from his book should read,
My every evil thought and deed,
From Him I will not flee.
But clasp his hand in both my own,
And whisper, 'I've no hope alone,
Dear Lord you died for me.'
I know He will not turn away,
Nor frown upon me when I pray
That I with Him may be;
No! He will smile, as once he smiled,
On Hebrew babes, and say, 'My child,
Yes! I have died for thee.'
"He'll take me to his happy home,
Through its green vales and bowers I'll roam,
Yet never leave his side.
I'll sing with all the ransomed train;
I'll sing it o'er and o'er again—
Dear Jesus died for me!"

LENT NOT GIVEN.

"God takes the beautiful, the best,
They are but lent, not given;
He sets 'His jewels' on His breast,
That they may shine in Heaven."

Before we begin talking, we seem to know
everything; when we set about thinking in ear-
nest, we seem to know nothing.

Poetry.

NAPOLÉON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

[This translation from the German ballad of
Baron Tellitz is by Clarence Mangan. It seems
particularly appropriate at this time of European
war, when one might well imagine the restless
spirit of the first Napoleon hovering over the
mountain fields which were the scenes of his mili-
tary exploits.]

When midnight hour is come,
The drummer forsook his tomb,
And marches, beating his drum
To and fro through the ghastly gloom.

He plays the drumsticks twain,
With fleshless hands and again
And beats and beats again and again
A long and dreary reveille!

Like the voice of almsdeans waves
Resounds its unheeding tones,
Till the dead old soldiers, long in their graves,
Awaken through every tone.

And the slain in the land of the Hun,
—And the frozen in the icy North,
And those who under the burning sun,
Of Italy sleep, come forth.

And they whose bones long white
Lies bleaching in Syrian sands,
And the slumbers under the reeds of the Nile,
Arise with arms in their hands.

And at midnight, in his shroud,
The trumpeter leaves his tomb,
And blows a blast long, deep and loud,
As he rides through the ghastly gloom.

On the yellow moonlight shines
On the old Imperial Dragons;
And the Caracasses they form in lines,
And the Caracasses in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unshate
Their weapons in rear and van;
But they scarcely appear to speak or breathe,
And their features are sad and wan.

And when midnight robs the sky,
The trumpeter leaves his tomb,
And rides along, surrounded by
His shadowy staff, through the gloom.

A silver star so bright
Is glittering on his breast;
In an uniform of blue and white
And a gay camp-frock he is dressed.

The moonbeams shine afar
On the various marshalled groups,
As the man with the glittering silver star
Rides forth to review his troops.

And the dead battalions all
Go again through the exercise,
Till the moon withdraws and a gloomier pall
Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around the Chief once more
The Generals and Marshals throng;
And he whispers a word of life before
In the ear of his aid-de-camp.

In files the troops advance,
And then are no longer seen,
The challenging watchword given is "France!"
The answer is "Sainte Helene!"

And this is the Grand Review,
Which at midnight on the winds
If popular tales may pass for true,
The buried Emperor holds.

Selected Tale.

THE BROKEN VASE.

'What will father say?'
This was the frightened exclamation of
a lad who, in playing about his father's
room, had knocked down a beautiful agate
vase and shattered it into a dozen pieces.
A moment before his eyes were sparkling
with pleasure, his cheeks glowing with
excitement and his whole air that of con-
fident enjoyment; now, he stood pale,
shrinking, panting, his eyes heavy and his
lips quivering.

'What will father say?' Mournful
were his tones as he repeated the words,
after a brief silence. Poor boy, how sud-
denly was the bright light of his spirit over-
clouded. That vase, of rare workman-
ship, the gift of a friend, and much prized
by his father, lay ruined at his feet. It
was not in the power of human skill to re-
store it; of that the unhappy lad felt
hopelessly conscious. For awhile, he
brooded over the shapeless fragments,
vainly searching in his mind for some light;
then, as all remained dark and threatening,
his feelings sought relief in a gush of tears.
For some minutes, he wept and sobbed bit-
terly; then he grew calm. Seated in a
chair, with his sad face resting on his hand
and his eyes fixed on the broken vase, he
remained for a long time, meditating on
the new aspect of affairs, and trying to see
clearly what it was best for him to do—

'No one heard it fall,' said he at length,
speaking to himself mentally, and as he
did so a feeling of relief was experienced.
If mother had heard the noise, she would
have been here in a minute.

The lad rose up quickly and went si-
lently from the room, not that he had
made up his mind to deny all participation
in the accident; he only wished to retain
the ability to do so, if, on reflection, that
course were determined upon. No one
was stirring in the passage; the dining
room and kitchen doors were shut; and
away off in the third story of the back
building was his mother sewing, in the
nursery. So far all was safe and the boy
felt still further relieved. On one of the
landings, as he went down stairs, he saw
his little sister's favorite cat fast asleep—

At once, the thought was suggested, that
here was 'a scape goat' for him. 'I'll
shut pussy up in the room,' said the sud-
denly formed purpose, 'and they'll think
she knocked down the vase.' And with
the words, he caught up the little cat
and went silently towards his father's
room; but ere he had reached the door,
he felt so disturbed and uncomfortable,
such a pressure of guilt, for deliberate
wrong, that he let the cat fall from his
hand. Singular enough, the cat, instead
of running down stairs, bounded off in the
other direction, and actually entered the
very room where the vase lay broken on the
floor.

'I didn't put her in there, any how,'—
So the boy thought, as he went noiselessly
and slowly down stairs. Still, he didn't
feel right about it. But for his action in the
case, pussy would still be quietly sleeping
on the landing.

'O dear, O dear!' sighed the unhappy
boy, as he sat down on the stairs, 'what
shall I do?' Father will be so angry!—
Oh, I wish I hadn't gone into his room!—

At this moment the nursery door opened.
John, John!

It was the voice of his mother.

Instead of answering the call, the lad
slipped noiselessly down stairs, and going
into the parlor, took a book from the cen-
table, and opening it pretended, for a few
moments to be reading.

'John?' the mother continued to call.

'Here I am, mother,' answered John
from the parlor door.

'I want you, dear.'

John went up to his mother with a new
burden on his already heavy heart. He
had pretended not to hear her first call,
and in this had acted unfairly towards her,
and in a way to diminish his own self re-
spect.

'Go around to the trimming store and
get me a skein of black silk, John.'

Not venturing to lift his eyes to his
mother's face, John took the change that
was reached to him and turned quickly
away. He was gone a good while, so long
that his mother became slightly impatient
at the delay and when he appeared uttered
a few reproving words. These hurt him
a good deal and prevented the revelation
he was about to make. The fact was,
his mind had been so exercised in relation
to the broken vase that he had partially
forgotten his errand or rather the neces-
sity of doing it promptly. On his way
home from the trimming store, he sat down
upon a step to con over a suggestion which
had come to his mind. It was to go at
once to his mother and reveal the fact
that the vase was broken, leaving it with
her to make the dreaded disclosure to his
father, who was of rather a hasty temper,
a man who, in too many cases, acted first
and reflected afterwards. It was because
of this peculiarity in his disposition, that
John was so much distressed. He knew
that in the first emotions awakened on re-

ceiving intelligence of the disaster, he
would not look at all beyond the fact, or
imagine that there might be any extenuat-
ing circumstances. And so John came in
from the trimming store prepared to make
a clean breast to his mother, but the dis-
pleasure she manifested in consequence of
his delay repelled him, and he shrank with
the air and feeling of a delinquent, from
her presence. Down into the parlor he
went, feeling wretched in the extreme.

'Oh dear! I wish father knew it. I
would tell him as soon as he came in, and
explain all about it; I would tell him how
sorry I feel and that he may sell my silver
fork and napkin ring, and that he needn't
buy me the gold watch he promised for a
birthday present; but it would be of no
use. The moment he learns that the vase
is broken, he will be angry and say he
doesn't want to hear a word from me; and
most likely he will drive me to the garret
and not let me come down for two or three
days. O dear, I wish I had not gone to
his room; it was wrong I know, but I
wanted a book, and when there, I forgot
myself. I wish father wouldn't get so an-
gry when I do wrong. I want to tell him
about this. I'll never have any rest until
he knows that I broke the vase, and yet I
am afraid to say a word about it.'

While such thoughts were passing
through the mind of the unhappy boy, he
was aroused by the sound of his mother's
voice, who appeared excited about some-
thing. Instinctively, he assigned the
cause; and he was right. She had dis-
covered the broken vase. Pale and trem-
bling John stood at the bottom of the stair-
way, and as he stood there his little sister's
cat came rushing down and out into the yard,
a heavy stick striking the last landing an
instant after she had cleared it. The blow
had it reached, would probably have killed
her.

How rebuked John felt. Poor pussy
had been discovered in the room and for
his fault she had come near losing her
life. More and more troubled and perplexed
was he. Oh, how he yearned to go to his
mother and tell her the whole truth; yet
he shrank from a thought of the conse-
quences which would follow when his im-
pulsive father learned that his cherished
vase was broken and who had done the
deed.

'John! John!'

'I am here, mother,' answered John in
a faint voice.

'Where?'
'Down in the passage.'
'Come up to me, John.'

John crept slowly up the stairs. 'What
has the cat been doing mother?' said he.
How his conscience smote him for his dis-
plicity, and how his trouble increased with
the thought that he was widening the gulf
which was already between him and an
honorable confession of his fault. He had
ever been a truthful boy; he loved the
truth, but in dread of his father's anger,
he had acted a falsehood. To recede, in-
volved now, double consequences. It
would expose his duplicity—to him most
painful and mortifying—as well as meet
the dreaded anger of his father. Ah, if
that father—not a hard, harsh, delib-
erately cruel and unjust man—could have looked
into the poor boy's heart at this moment,
he would not only have been affected with
pity for him, but been appalled at the dan-
ger to which his own want of self-con-
trol was exposing his son.

'What has the cat been doing mother?'
repeated John. Worse and worse. He
was widening the gulf still further.

'She has been in your father's room
and knocked down and broken his beau-
tiful vase. He'll be dreadful angry about it.'

It came instantly to the lip of John to
say, 'it wasn't the cat mother, I broke the
vase.'

But the visage of his angry father was
so palpably before him and he could not
utter the words, and so he stood beside his
mother gazing upon the fragments of the
vase, in a kind of stupid dismay. It was
in his thought to screen himself by saying
harsh things of the cat, but he checked
their utterance. To do so seemed dan-
gerously as well as wicked.

An hour went by—how full of suffering.
And then, after a long and painful strug-
gle with himself, John came to where his
mother sat sewing, in the nursery, and sit-
ting down on a low chair beside her, leaned
his arms upon her lap and looked up with
sad, tearful eyes, into her face.

'Why, John, what ails you?' said his
mother.

'I broke the vase, mother.'

'How mournful were the poor boy's tones.
'You, John?'

He said not a word more, but hid his
face on his mother's lap and cried bitterly.

'How came you to do it?' asked his
mother, after he became calmer.

'It was all an accident, indeed; but
oh, what will father say?'

'He will be grieved and angry. You
should not have gone to his room.'

'I went for a book and intended to have
come right out, but something interested
me and I forgot myself. Oh, what shall
I do?'

'You must tell your father about it as
soon as he comes home.'

But he will not forgive me. He thought
so much of the vase; it was so beautiful.
But he needn't give me the gold watch for
a birthday present. Could he buy another
vase for the money that would cost? I
don't care anything about the watch. Oh,
I'd rather never have a watch or anything
else, than that he should be angry with me,
and he gets so angry and says such dread-
ful things to me when I'm in fault, and it
seems as if I am always doing wrong.—
Won't you tell him about the vase, moth-
er? I wish you would. Tell him I did
not do it on purpose, that I am sorry, that
I will try never again in my life to offend
him. The mother saw deeper into her
boy's heart, than ever before. 'I have
been so tempted to conceal it,' he said.—
Father's anger seemed so dreadful to me,
that I could not bear it.'

'Nothing is so hard, to bear, my son, as
the burden of a troubled conscience,' said
the mother. 'Oh, never forget this!'
'You'll speak to father about it, won't
you?' John asked entreatingly.

'Perhaps I had better do so.'

'Tell him how sorry I am, that it was
all an accident, that he needn't buy me
the watch.'

The mother's heart was deeply touched
at the distress of her boy, and she felt it
to be her duty to stand lovingly between
him and the quick anger of an impulsive,
yet not cruel minded, father.

'Evening came, and with it the father's
dreaded return. As soon as the mother
was alone with him, she said, 'your agate
vase is broken.'

'What?' His face grew instantly crimson.
'Broken?' Who did it?'

'John. Where is he?'

'The father was already on his feet, re-
solved under the blind impulse of the mo-
ment, to punish his son with extreme
severity. He had asked no explanations;
everything against the poor boy was taken
for granted.

'It was an accident,' said the mother.
'But what business had he to touch the
vase.'

'That's his story.'

'He is a truthful boy,' urged the moth-
er.

'He is a meddlesome fellow, interfering
with matters in which he has no concern.
I'll punish him for this, and severely too.
I'll teach him a lesson that he'll not soon
forget.'

And he moved towards the door; but
the mother laid her hand upon his arm.

'He has been punished enough already,'
said she.

'Who punished him? You?'

'If you had seen him as I have seen
him, you would feel pity, instead of wrath.
Don't speak a harsh word to him. He is
nearly sick now, from dread of meeting your
anger. He says you needn't buy him the
gold watch for a birthday present, but keep
the money for a new vase. He was
strongly tempted to conceal his fault, and
he might easily have done so, for I found
the cat in your room, and thought that
she had done the mischief.'

'Did he know you thought so?'

'The father's voice was much softened.
'Yes, and he saw that he could escape
without suspicion; but truth and honesty
prevailed over fear. He came to me of
his own accord, and confessed all.'

For some time, the father remained si-
lent, steadily repressing his excited feel-
ing until his mind was clear and calm again;
then he said, 'tell John to come here; I
would like to see him alone.'

'John, your father wants you.'

How pale the lad grew instantly.

'Don't be afraid,' whispered the mother.
And yet, his knees smote together, as he
went, almost tottering, from sudden weak-
ness, to his father's room. Entering, he
scarcely dared raise his eyes from the
floor.

'My son.'

Oh, what a load fell suddenly from his
heart! The voice was neither loud nor
angry, but low, sympathizing, and tender.
To have restrained the impulse that instan-
taneously seized him would have been impos-
sible. 'Father! dear father!' exclaimed the
boy, clasping his arms about his neck, 'I
am so sorry! It was all an accident. Oh,
what shall I do?'

Only be more careful in the future, John,
said the father, as soon as he could com-
mand his voice. 'The vase is broken, and
no grief or regret can mend it. You have
told the truth about it; you have shown
yourself an honest, brave boy, and I do not
feel in the least angry.'

How clear and all-penetrating was the
light which fell upon the spirit of that un-
happy boy. The dark clouds that filled
threateningly his sky were instantly dis-
persed. And he was not strengthened in
all his good purposes by this forgiveness
of his faults? He was strengthened.—
Kind, forgiving words from his father
filled him with good impulses; his
wounds would have left him under a sense
of wrong, all exposed to temptation, and
in the darkness of suffering that followed,
he might have gained a bias to evil, impos-
sible, in all after life, to overcome.

Sabbath Reading.

Continued from June 25.

We need no more than his language
to prove it. What facts of wickedness
and woe must have existed before there
could be found such words to designate it.
There have been always those who have
sought to make light of the hurts which
man has inflicted on himself, of the sick-
ness with which he is sick, persuading
themselves that moralists and divines, if
they have not invented, have enormously
exaggerated them. But are those state-
ments found only in scripture and in ser-
mons.

It needs no more than to open a dic-
tionary, and to cast our eye thoughtfully
down a few columns, and we shall find
abundant confirmation of this sadder and
sterner estimate of man's moral and spir-
itual condition. How else shall we ex-
plain this long catalogue of words having
all to do with sin or sorrow, or both?—
We may be quite sure that they have each
a co-relative in the world of letters. I
open the first letter of the alphabet. What
means this Ah! Alas, these long, deep-
drawn sighs of humanity which at once we
encounter! And as regards abundance, it
is melancholy to observe how much
richer is every vocabulary in words that
set forth sins, than those that set forth
graces. When St. Paul would set forth
the works of the flesh against those of the
spirit, there are seventeen of the former,
only nine of the latter. And we do not
find in scripture such lists of graces as in
2 Timothy III. 2. and Rom. I. 29—31 of
their opposites.—Trench on study of words.

How sweet is patience under the hand
of God. It is like sunlight and flowers in
the chamber of sickness, where some poor
invalid, bereft of fortune, of friends, of
beauty, of health, of all earthly good, pos-
sessed still that meek and quiet spirit which
in the sight of God is of great price. But
it is easier to bear great and prolonged
afflictions which come directly and visibly
from the hand of God, than the petty vexa-
tions and wrongs which arise from unto-
ward circumstances and evil men. How
few can rise to the self-control of New-
ton, who, when he entered his study and
saw that his dog had thrown into the fire
the calculation of months, simply said,
"you have done me great mischief, Car-
lo," and sat down to re-produce his work.

Thompson on Christian Graces.

Our love of God, to be complete, must
be unconditional. What should we think
of a child, who should make his love for
his father depend upon his father's giving
him this or that which his fancy might
covet or his appetite crave, and should
withhold his kiss of affection until he
should see what gain the day would bring
to him? The existence of this calculat-
ing, selfish spirit, is incompatible with the
very idea of love. Till we have put down
all self-seeking, so as to say to-day, and
to-morrow, and always and unflinchingly,
"Thy will, not mine be done," we have
not conquered ourselves for God.—*Ibid.*

SHALL I BE ONE OF THEM!—How di-
vinely full of glory and pleasure shall that
hour be, when all the millions of mankind
that have been redeemed by the blood of
the Lamb of God shall meet together and
stand around him, with every tongue and
every heart full of joy and praise! How
astounding will be the glory and the joy
of that day, when all the saints shall join
together in one common song of gratitude
and love, and of everlasting thankfulness
to their Redeemer! With what unknown
delight and inexpressible satisfaction shall
all that are saved from the ruins of sin and
hell address the Lamb that was slain, and
rejoice in his presence.—*Dr. Watts.*

AN HONEST BOY.—That is right, my
boy, said a merchant, smiling approvingly
upon the bright face of his little shop-
boy, 'honesty is the best policy.' He had
brought him a dollar that lay among the
dust and paper of the sweepings. 'Should
you say that?' asked the lad timidly.—
'Should I say what? That honesty is
the best policy? Why, it's a time-hon-
ored old saying; I don't know about the
elevating tendency of the thing; the spir-
it is rather narrow, I'll allow.' So grand-
mother taught me, replied the boy; 'she
said we should do right because God ap-
proved it, without thinking what man
would say.' The merchant turned abrupt-
ly towards the desk, and the thought-
ful lad resumed his duties.

A pious lady on being asked if she en-
joyed herself, replied that she could not
speak positively in regard to herself, because
she was trying to forget self, but she en-
joyed God. The reply involved a great
principle in religion. No one can enter in-
to the true rest of the soul, in whom the
principle of self love exists in any degree
inconsistent with loving God with all the
heart.—*Upham.*

NAMES OF CHRISTIANS.—The Scripture
gives four names to Christians, taken from
the four cardinal graces so essential to
man's salvation: saints, for their holiness;
believers, for their faith; brethren, for their
love; disciples, for their knowledge.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1750

Assistants.

George Wanton, Jonathan Nichols,
William Burton, Edward Kinlet,
Stephen Brownell, Robert Lawton,
James Arnold, Wm. Richmond,
Daniel Coggeshall, Jeffrey Watson.

Thomas Ward, Secretary.
Daniel Uplike, Attorney General.
Thomas Richardson, Treasurer.

MISCELLANEOUS

[illegible]

INVESTIGATOR
 dose after eating to re-
 freshen the food from
 one dose taken before
 one dose taken at
 and cures COOL-
 dose taken after each
 One dose of two tea-
HEADACHE,
 bottle taken for fi-
 of the disease, and
 one dose immediately
 dose after, repeated in

WATER IN THE MOUTH WITH THE INVIGORATOR,

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR
SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily
cures, almost all great biliousness. It cures as if by
magic, even the first-born living benefit, and seldom more
one bottle is required to cure any kind of LIVER COM-
PLAINT. From the worst Jaundice or Dyspepsia to a common
ache, all of which are the result of a diseased liver.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

SANFORD, Proprietor, 345 Broadway, New York
and by all druggists. Solely sold by
HAZARD & CASWELL (and R. J. TAYLOR)
N. Y. - L. Y.

[illegible]

PROFESSOR WOOD—Dear Sir: Having met the minister in the
light portion of my mind, I am glad to hear of your
preparation, and find it a power as the very thing
I desire. My heart is now thick and dry, and I would care
to see you change to my mind.

FINLEY JOHNSON.

The undersigned, **J. V. K. BROWN**, is a minister in regu-
lar standing, and pastor of the Christian Church, Brook-
field, Mass. He is a gentleman of great influence and
ability.

WM. DRYDEN.

BROOKFIELD, JUNE 12, 1858.

PROFESSOR WOOD—Dear Sir: Having met the friend of your
profession, I give no pleasure in writing you.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL R. RANDOLPH.

your childhood, and she also restored my hair which was turning gray, to its original color. I have used 400 of your article with anything like the same pleasure or profit.

Yours truly,
J. R. BRAGO.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of 25 cts., vials, large, medium and small; the small holds 1½ vials, and retails one dollar a bottle; the medium holds six, and retails one dollar and 50 cents more in proportion than the small; retails for two large a bottle; the large holds six, and 40 cents more in proportion retails for \$3 a bottle.

J. J. WOOD & CO., Dispensaries, 411 Broadway, New York City, are the great U. S. Wholesaling Establishments, and J. M. KENNER, St. Louis, Mo., are the great U. S. Retailers, and sell by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

Send for 1909—
CHAMPAGNES,

In store and part to arrive :

CHAMPAGNE.	
0-Cases G. H. Munin & Co.,	Verzeany
5 " " "	Cabinet
5 " " "	Imperial

	CLARET.	Royal Rose
0	Cases Barton & Guestier,	St. Julien
0	" " " "	Margaux
0	" " " "	Bataille
0	" " " "	Leoville
0	" " " "	Chateau Margaux
0	" " " "	Haute Sauterne
0	" " " "	Sauterne
0	J. Michalson & Co.	La Rose
	OLIVE OIL.	
0	Cases Barton & Guestier's Olive Oil	
0	J. Michalson & Co. do	

The above were imported expressly for sale and will be sold at New York prices, at or well known establishment corner of Thames and Pelham streets.

June 18

WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

**ANOTHER INVOICE OF
STRAW HATS!**

AT
149 Thames St.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Straw Hats for

A Gents, Youth, and a variety of styles suited
for LADIES and MISSES. Also a large lot of
specially trimmed Leghorns for Infants, this day
opened by
June 11
THOMAS J. WEAVER.

CARPETINGS.
AWTON BROTHERS, 74 Thames street,
invite particular attention to their very large
assortment of
Saxton Carpetings,
Floor Oil Cloths,
Canton Mattings,
English Blankets,

and all other Housekeeping articles. Carpets
made and put down in the very best manner and
at short notice.
May 14.

Carpet Ware Rooms.

W. M. C. COZZENS & CO. have received within the last few days a very large and varied stock of rich Brussels, Brussels Tapestry, 3 ply and Ingrain carpets, really handsome and cheap. Also stair Carpets and Oil Cloths of all widths and prices. Customers in want of carpets will find this a very favorable time to purchase, our stock being very large and well selected.—Among them are Tapestries at one dollar a yard.

April 9

100 lbs. Large Red Onion Seed,

SECOND EARLY, and a choice lot of Veget-
table and Flower Seeds, from
Hovey & Co, and Barnes & Washburne.
For sale by
HAZARD & CASWELL,
March 5—tf 12 Washington Square.

Waiters.
A BEAUTIFUL assortment of Waiters, of all sizes, now opened and for sale cheap, by
June 18 W. H. BLISS

